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In the house in Copenhagen, not far from the new market of the king, gathered a very large party, the owner and his family expected, no doubt, to receive invitations in return. One half of the company was already sitting at the card tables, the other half seemed to be waiting for the result of the hostess's question: Well, how are we going to entertain ourselves? Among other topics, he addressed the events of the Middle Ages, which some people supported were more interested than our own time. Councillor Knapp so warmly defended this view that the lady of the house immediately switched to his side, and both exclaimed against Orset's Essays of the Ancient and Modern Times, in which preference is given to our own. The Counselor considered the times of the Danish King Hans1 the noblest and happiest. The conversation on this subject was only momentarily interrupted by the arrival of the newspaper, which, however, did not contain much, is worth reading, and while it is still going on, we will be brought to the hallway, which were carefully placed cloaks, sticks and galoshes. Here sat two maidens, one young, and the other old, as if they had come and waited to accompany their mistresses home; but looking at them more closely, it was easy to see that they were not common servants. Their shapes were too graceful, their faces too delicate, and the cut of their dresses too elegant. They were two fairies. The youngest was not Fortune herself, but the maid of one of Fortune's attendants, who carries more trifling gifts. The eldest, who was named Care, looked rather gloomy; It's always about doing your own business in person; for then she knows it is properly done. They told each other where they were during the day. Messenger of Fortune only deals a few unimportant issues, and for example, she kept the new hood from the rain shower, and received for an honest man a bow from the titled no one, and so on; but she had something extraordinary to relate to, after all. I must tell you, she said, that today is my birthday, and in honor of this I invaded with a pair of galoshes to represent among mankind. These galoshes have the property of doing anyone who puts them on to introduce themselves anywhere he wants, or that it exists at any time. Every wish is fulfilled at the moment when it is expressed, so this time humanity has a chance to be happy. No, said Care. You can rely on him that whoever puts on these galoshes will be very unhappy, and bless the moment in which he can get rid of them. What do you think? The other one answered. Now look; I put them at the door; someone will take them instead of their own, and he'll Happy man. It was the end of their conversation. What happened to Counselor T was too late when Councillor Knapp, lost in thought of king Hans's times, wished to return home; and fate so ordered him that he put on Fortune's galoshes instead of his own, and went out to East Street. Thanks to the magical power of the galoshes, it was immediately moved to three hundred years ago, in the time of King Hans, for which he was longing when he put them on. So he immediately stepped into the mud and swamp of the street, which at that time did not have a sidewalk. Why, it's terrible; how awfully dirty it is!, said the counselor, and the whole pavement disappeared, and the lamps were all out. The moon had not yet risen high enough to penetrate the thick misty air, and all the objects around it were bewildered in the dark. On the nearest corner, a lamp hung in front of a picture of Madonna, but the light he gave was almost useless, because he only perceived it when he came quite close, and his eyes fell on the painted figures of Mother and Child. It was most likely an art museum, he thought, and they forgot to take down the sign. Two men, dressed in old days, passed him by. What strange numbers! Thought he was, but he was, they must have been coming back from some kind of masquerade. Suddenly he heard the sound of a drum and files, and then a blazing light from the torches shone on him. The counselor looked with astonishment as he saw the strangest procession pass before him. First came a whole squad of drummers, beating their drums very cleverly; they were followed by rescue services, with long bows and crossbows. The main man in the procession was the clerical appearance of a gentleman. The surprised counselor asked what all this meant and who a gentleman might be. It's the Bishop of Zealand. My god! He exclaimed, and he was what in the world happened to the bishop? what can he think about? Then he shook his head and said, This cannot be the bishop himself. Reflecting on this strange affair, and not looking to the right or left, he walked along East Street and over Highbridge Place. The bridge he was supposed to lead to Palace Square was nowhere to be found; but instead, he saw a bank and shallow water, and two men who were sitting in the boat. Does the gentleman want to be ferried over the Hill? One asked. To The Hill! The counselor exclaimed, not knowing at what age he was now there; I want to go to Christian Haven, Little Turf Street. The men looked at him. Fray, tell me where the bridge is! He said. It's a shame that the lamps don't light up here, and it's as dirty as if one was walking in a swamp. But the more he talked to the boaters, the less they could understand each other. I am understand your outlandish talk, he exclaimed at last, angrily turning his back to them. However, he could not find either the bridge or the railing. What a scandalous state this place is in, he said; never, of course, had he found his time so miserable as this evening. I think it will be better for me to take a coach; But where are they? There was none to be seen! I will be forced to return to the new King's Market, he said, where there are many wagons standing, or I will never reach the Christian harbor. He then went to East Street, and almost passed through it when the moon broke out of the cloud. Dear me, what did they build here? He exclaimed as he saw the east gate, which in the old days stood at the end of East Street. However, he found the hole through which he went and went out to where he expected to find a new market. Nothing could be seen except an open meadow surrounded by several bushes through which a wide canal or stream passed. Several pathetic-looking wooden booths to accommodate Dutch watermen stood on the opposite bank. Either I contemplate Morgan's veil, or I have to be tipsy, moaning adviser. What could it be? What's wrong with me? He turned back in full conviction that he should be sick. Walking down the street this time, he looked at the house more closely; he found that most of them were built of lam and plaster, and many were only thatched roofs. I am of course all wrong, he said, with a sigh; and yet I drank only one glass of punch. But I can't even stand it, and it was very stupid to give us a kick and hot salmon; I'll talk about it with our hostess, the agent lady. Suppose I had to go back now and say how bad I feel, I'm afraid it's going to look so funny and it's not very likely that I should find anyone up. Then he looked for a house, but he wasn't there. It's really scary; I can't even recognize East Street. Not a store that can be seen; nothing but old, miserable, falling down the house, just as if I were in Roeskilde or Ringstedt. Oh, I really should be sick! There's no point in standing at a ceremony. But where in the world is the agent's house. There is a house, but it is not his; and people are still in it, I hear. Oh dear! I am certainly very strange. When he reached the floor of the open door, he saw the light and entered. It was a tavern of old times, and seemed to be a kind of beer hall. The room had the look of a Dutch interior. Several people, consisting of sailors, Copenhageners, and several scholars, sat in deep conversation behind their mugs, and took very little attention to new comers. I'm sorry, the counselor said, referring to the hostess, I don't feel very well, and I should be very obliged if you go on a plane to take me to Haven. This woman looked at him and shook her head. Then she spoke to him in German. The consultant suggested from this that she did not understand Danish; so he repeated his request in German. This, like his only dress, convinced the woman that he was a foreigner. She soon realized, however, that he had not found himself well enough, and so brought him a mug of water. It was something of a taste of seawater, of course, although it was taken from well outside. Then the counselor tilted his head on his hand, took a deep breath, and pondered all the strange things that had happened to him. Is that the number of the day? 2 he asked, quite mechanically, as he saw a woman put on a large sheet of paper. She did not understand what he meant, but she handed him a sheet, and it was a woodcut, representing a meteorite that appeared in the city of Cologne. It's very old, said the adviser, becoming rather cheerful at the sight of this antique drawing. Where did you get this special sheet? It's very interesting though it's all about the fable. Meteors are easy to explain these days; it is the northern lights that can often be seen, and is undoubtedly caused by electricity. Those who sat next to him and heard what he said looked at him with great astonishment, and one of them stood up, respectfully took off his hat, and said very seriously, You must surely be a very learned man, sir. Oh no, the adviser replied. I am only a publisher? It's a very old name, the adviser said, was it the name of the first publisher in Denmark? Yes; and he's our first printer and publisher now, the scientist replied. So far, everything has gone very well; but now one of the townspeople began to talk about the terrible sea raging a few years ago, that is, the plague of 1484. The consultant thought he was referring to the cholera, and they could discuss it without knowing the mistake. The war of 1490 was discussed only recently. The British pirates took several ships to the English Channel in 1801, and the counselor, assuming they were referring to them, agreed with them in finding fault with the British. The rest of the conversation, however, was not so pleasant, but as each moment one contradicted the other. A good bachelor seemed very ignorant, for the adviser's simplest remark seemed to him either too bold or too fantastic. They looked at each other, and when it got worse, the bachelor spoke Latin, hoping to be better understood; but it was all useless. How are you now? The hostess asked, pulling the councilman's sleeve. Then his memories came back to him. During the conversation, he forgot everything that had happened earlier. My god! Where am I? He said. It perplexed him as he thought about it. We will have some burgundy, or mid, or Bremen beer, said one of the guests; Are you going to drink with us? Two maids came. One of them had a hat on his head of two flowers.3 They poured wine, bowed their heads and withdrew. The counselor felt a cold shiver to run all over him. What's it? What does that mean? He said; but he was forced to drink with them because they overpowered a good man with their politeness. He became at last in despair; and when one of them said he was tipsy, he had no doubt about the man's word last-minute-only begging them to get droschky; and then they thought he was speaking Muscovites. Never before has he been in such a rude and vulgar company. You can believe that the country is returning to paganism, he said. This was the scariest moment of my life. It was then that it occurred to him that he would bend over under the table, and so creep towards the door. He tried; but before they reached the entrance, the others discovered what he was about, and grabbed him by the legs when, fortunately for him, galoshes came from, and with them all the charm disappeared. The counselor now saw quite clearly the lamps, and the large building behind it, and everything looked familiar and beautiful. He was on East Street, as it now seems; he lay with his feet turned to the porch, and only he sat dressed. Is it possible that I was lying here on the street dreaming? He said. Yes, it's East Street; How beautifully bright and cheerful it looks! It's pretty shocking that one glass of impact should have upset me like this. Two minutes later he sat in a droschky that was to take him to Christian's harbor. He thought of the horror and anxiety he had endured, and felt gratitude from his heart for the reality and comfort of modernity, which, with all their mistakes, were much better than those in which he had so recently found himself. The adventures of the ELL watchman, I declare there lies a pair of galoshes, said the watchman. No doubt they belong to a lieutenant who lives up the stairs. They're just at his door. With joy would have been an honest man's kidnapping, and gave them, for the light was still burning, but he did not want to disturb the other people in the house; so he let them lie. These things should keep your feet very warm, he said; they are such good soft skin. Then he tried them and they fitted the legs accurately. Now, he said, how to droll things in this world! There's that man can lie in his warm bed, but he doesn't. There he walks up and down the room. He should be a happy man. He has no wife, no children, and he comes into the company every night. Oh, I'd like to be him; then I have to be a happy person. When he uttered this wish, the galoshes he put on came into effect, and the watchman immediately became a lieutenant. There he stood in his room, holding between his fingers a small piece of pink paper, which was a poem, a poem written by the lieutenant himself. Who hasn't had, this time in his life, a moment of poetic inspiration? and at such a moment, if the thoughts are written down, they flow into poetry. The following poems were written on pink paper: OH WERE I RICH! Oh, I was rich! As oft, in the bright hour of youth, when young pleasures banish every concern, I longed for wealth but to gain power, sword and plume and form to wear! Wealth and honor came for me; But still my greatest wealth was poverty: help and pity me! Once in my young hours, when gay and free, a girl loved me; and her gentle kiss, rich in her tender love and purity, taught me, alas! too much earthly bliss. Dear child! She thought only of youthful glee: She loved not wealth, but fairy tales and me. You know, feel sorry for me! Oh, I was rich! again all my prayers: This child is now a woman, fair and free, as good and beautiful as angels. Oh, if I were rich in the poetry of lovers to tell my tale, the richest love story! But no; I have to keep quiet - I'm poor. Withering you feel sorry for me? Oh, if I was rich in truth and the world below, I don't need it, then my poverty bewail. To you I dedicate these lines of grief: You don't get Wilt, a mournful tale? The sheet on which my sorrows I relate -Dark story of the dark night of fate. Bless and pity me! Well, yes; people write poems when they are in love, but a wise man will not print them. The lieutenant is in love, and poor. It is a triangle, or rather half broken to die of luck . The lieutenant felt it very sharply, and so he leaned his head against the window frame, and took a deep breath. The poor watchman on the street, he said, is much happier than I am. He has a house, a wife and children who cry on his grief and rejoice in his joy. Oh, how much happier I should be, can I change my being and position with him, and go through life with his modest expectations and hopes! Yes, he is indeed happier than I am. for the fact that through the galoshes of Fortune, passed into the existence of the lieutenant, and was less satisfied than he expected, he preferred his former state, and wished himself again a watchman. It was an ugly dream, he said, but enough droll. I thought I was a lieutenant over there, but there was no happiness for me. I missed my wife and the little ones who are always ready to smother me with kisses. He sat down again and nodded, but he could not get the dream out of his thoughts, and he still had galoshes on his feet. The shooting star shone across the sky. There goes alone! He exclaimed. However, there are quite enough left; I would really like to study them a little closer, especially the moon, for this could not slip under his hands. The student for whom my wife washes says that when we die, we will fly from one star to another. If it were true, it would be very delightful, but I don't believe it. I'd like to do a bit of spring there now, but I can't I willingly let my body lie here on the steps. There are certain things in the world that need to be uttered very carefully; doubly when the speaker has Fortune's galoshes on his feet. Now we'll hear what happened to the watchman. Almost everyone is familiar with the great power of steam; we have proven this by the speed with which we can travel, both by rail and by steamer across the sea. But this speed is like the movements of a sloth, or crawling a hundred miles, compared to the speed with which light travels; the light flies nineteen million times faster than the fastest rereco, and the electricity is even faster. Death is an electric shock that we receive in our hearts, and on the wings of electricity the liberated soul quickly flies away, the light from the sun flies to our earth ninety-five million miles in eight minutes and a few seconds; but on the wings of electricity, the mind requires only to perform the same distance. The space between celestial bodies is thought to be no further than the distance we may have to travel from one friend's house to another in the same city; but this electric shock obliges us to use our bodies here, below, if, as a watchman, we have on the galoshes of Fortune. Within seconds, the watchman traveled more than two hundred thousand miles to the moon, which is formed from a lighter material than our earth, and it can be said that it is as soft as the new snow. It ended up on one of the circular mountains that we see on Dr. Maderel's large map of the Moon. The interior had the appearance of a large hollow, cup-shaped, with a depth of about half a mile from the edge. In this cavity stood a large city; we can form some idea of its appearance by pouring egg protein into a glass of water. The materials from which it was built seemed as soft, and in the photo - cloud towers and sailing terraces, quite transparent and floating in the air. Our earth hung over his head like a big dark red ball. He has now discovered a number of creatures that could certainly be called men, but were very different to ourselves. A more fantastic imagination than Herschel must have discovered these. If they were placed in groups, and painted, one could say: What a beautiful foliage! They also had their own language. No one could have expected the soul of the watchman to understand this, and yet he understood it, for our souls have much more opportunities, then we tend to believe. Don't we show great dramatic talent in our dreams? each of our acquaintances appears before us then in his character, and in his voice; thus, no man can imitate them during waking hours. How clearly we are also reminded of faces we have not seen in years; they begin suddenly to the eye of the mind with all their features as living reality. In fact, this memory of the soul is a terrible thing; every sin, every sinful thought he can return, and we may well ask how we should report on every idle word that may have been whispered in the heart or uttered by our lips. Therefore, the spirit of the watchman very well understood the language of the inhabitants of the Moon. They argue about our land and doubt that it can be inhabited. The atmosphere, they argue, should be too dense for the inhabitants of the Moon to exist there. They claimed that the moon alone was inhabited, and in fact there was a celestial body in which the people of the old world lived. They also talked about politics. But now we're going down to East Street, and we're going to see what happened to the watchman's body. He sat lifeless on the steps. His staff fell out of his hands, and his eyes looked at the moon, of which his honest Wandered. What kind of hour is this, watchman? The passenger asked. But there was no answer from the watchman. The man then gently pulled his nose, causing him to lose his balance. The body fell forward, and lay at full length on the ground like one dead. All his comrades were very frightened, for he seemed utterly dead; however, they allowed him to stay after they had given notice of what had happened and at dawn the body was taken to hospital. We might imagine that it's no joke question if a man's soul should have a chance to get back to him, because most likely he will be looking for a body on East Street without being able to find it. We could fancy the soul asking the police, or in the address office, or among the missing parcels, and then finally find him in the hospital. But we can comfort ourselves with the certainty that the soul, acting on its own impulses, is wiser than us; it's the body that makes it stupid. As we said, the guard's body was taken to the hospital, and here he was placed in a washing room. Naturally, the first thing here was to remove the galoshes, which the soul was instantly forced to return, and she immediately took a direct road to the body, and a few seconds later the man's life returned to him. He declared, when he had quite recovered, that it was the scariest night he had ever passed; not for a hundred pounds would he go through such feelings again. However, it was all over now. On the same day he was allowed to leave, but the galoshes remained in the hospital. Event moment - the most unusual journey VERY the copenhagenener knows that the entrance to Frederick's Hospital is like; but as most likely some of those who read this little fairy tale can not reside in Copenhagen, we will give a brief description of it. The hospital is separated from the street by iron railings, where bars stand so wide apart that some very thin patients are said to have squeezed in, and went to pay few visits in the city. The hardest part of the body to pass was the head; and in this case, as is often the case in the world, small heads were the luckiest. This will serve as a sufficient introduction to our fairy tale. One of the young volunteers, physically speaking, can be said that he had a great head, was on guard that evening in the hospital. The rain poured down, but despite these two obstacles, he wanted to get out only for a quarter of an hour; he thought it was not worth doing the doorman's confidant, as he could easily slip through the iron railing. There were galoshes, which the watchman forgot about. He never came to come. They would have been very helpful to him in this rainy weather, so he drew them on. Now came the question of whether Can squeeze through palings; he had certainly never tried, so he stood looking at them. I want my head to be through, he said, and immediately though he was so thick and big, he slipped through quite easily. Kaloshi responded very well to that goal, but his body was to follow and it was impossible. I'm too fat, he said. I thought my head would be the worst, but I can't get my body through, that's for sure. He then tried to pull his head back, but to no avail; he could move his neck easily enough, and that's it. His first feeling was one of anger, and then his spirits sank below zero. The Kaloshi Fortunes put him in such a terrible position, and, unfortunately, he never came to want to be free. No, instead of wishing, he kept twisting, but he didn't move. It was raining, and no creature could be seen in the street. The bell of the porter he was unable to reach, and however he had to free himself! He foresaw that he should stay there until the morning and then they have to send for a blacksmith to lodge from the iron bars and it will be the work of time. All the charitable children will just go to school; and all the sailors who inhabited this quarter of the city will be there to see it standing in a shameful pillar. What a crowd there will be. Ha, he exclaimed, blood rushing to my head, and I'll go. I think I'm already crazy; Oh, I'd like to be free, then all these feelings will go through. That's exactly what he had to say in the first place. The moment he expressed the thought that his head was free. He began back, utterly perplexed with the fright that fortune galoshes caused him. But we must not assume that everything was everything; No, it really was worse. The night passed, and the next day; But no one sent for galoshes. In the evening in the amateur theater on a distant street was to be held a recitative performance. The house was overcrowded; Among the spectators was a young volunteer from the hospital, who seemed to have completely forgotten about his adventures the night before. He was on galoshes; they were not sent for, and as the streets were still very dirty, they were a great service to it. A new poem entitled My Aunt's Performances is currently being read. He described these glasses as having great power; if someone put them on in a large congregation, people seemed like cards, and future events of the following years could easily be predicted by them. The idea struck him that he should very much like to have such a pair of glasses; for if they were used correctly, they might allow him to see in people's hearts what he thought would be more interesting than knowing what would happen next year; for future events will be sure to show itself, but people's hearts never. I can imagine that I should see all over the row of ladies and gentlemen in the first place, if I could only look into their hearts; that the lady, I think, keeps the shop for things of all descriptions; how my eyes will wander in this collection; with many ladies I will surely have to find a great millinery creation. There is another one that may be empty and will be all the better for cleaning. There may be some well kept with good articles. Yes, he sighed, I know one in which everything is solid, but the servant is already there, and that is the only thing against it. I dare say from many, I must hear the words: Please to enter. I only wish I could slip into my heart like a little tiny thought. It was the team's word for the galoshes. The volunteer shrunk together, and began the most unusual journey through the hearts of the spectators in the front row. The first heart he entered was the heart of a lady, but he thought that he must have ended up in one of the rooms of the orthopedic institution, where plaster casts of deformed limbs hung on the walls, with such a difference that the casts in the institution are formed when the patient enters, but here they were formed and preserved after the good people left. These were the casts of bodily and mental deformities of the lady's friend, carefully preserved. He quickly moved to another heart, in which there was a spacious, holy church, above the altar waving a white dove of innocence. He would gladly fall to his knees in such a sacred place; but he was moved to another heart, still, however, listening to the tones of the organ, and feeling that he had become a friend and a better man. The next heart was also a sanctuary, which he felt almost unworthy to enter; it was a middle loft in which the sick mother lay; but the warm sun flowed through the window, beautiful roses blossomed in a small flower box on the roof, two blue birds sang children's joys, and a sick mother prayed for blessing on her daughter. He then crept on his hands and knees through the overflowing meat lava; there was meat, nothing but meat, wherever he set foot; it was the heart of a rich, respectable man whose name was undoubtedly catalogued. Then he entered the heart of the man's wife; it was an old, falling down pigeon-house; her husband's portrait served as a weather rooster; it was due to all the doors that opened and closed just as her husband's decision turned out. The next heart was a full closet of mirrors, such as can be seen in Rosenberg's castle. But these mirrors are enlarged to an amazing degree; in the middle of the floor sat like the Great Lama, the minor owner I was, amazed by the contemplation of his own features. On his next visit he he must have ended up in a narrow needle-like closet full of sharp needles; Oh, he thought, it must have been the heart of an old maid, but it was not a fact; it belonged to a young officer who carried several orders and was said to be a man of intellect and heart. The poor volunteer came out of the last heart in a row rather bewildered. He could not gather his thoughts, and imagined that his foolish fantasies had fascinated him. My god! He sighed: I must have a tendency to soften the brain, and here it is so extremely hot that the blood rushes to my head. And then suddenly repeated to him a strange event the night before, when his head was fixed between the iron railings in front of the hospital. That's the reason for all this! He exclaimed: I must do something in time. A Russian bath would be a very good thing to start with. I wish I could lie on one of the highest shelves. Of course, there he was lying on the top shelf of the steam bath, still in an evening suit, with boots and galoshes, and hot drops from the ceiling fall on his face. Ho! He exclaimed, jumping down and rushing to the dive bath. The attendant stopped him with a loud scream when he saw a man with all his clothes on. Volunteer, however, the presence of mind is enough to whisper: It's for a bet, but the first thing he did when he reached his room was to put a big blister around his neck and another on his back that his crazy fit could be cured. The next morning his back was very sore, which was all he got from Fortune's galoshes. The clerk of his keeper, whom we certainly did not forget, thought, after a while, of the galoshes, which he found and taken to the hospital; so he went and brought them. But neither the lieutenant nor anyone on the street could recognize them as their own, so he gave them to the police. They look just like my own galoshes, said one of the clerks, reviewing an unknown article as they stood by their own side. It will require even more than the shoemaker's eye to know one pair from the other. Master clerk, said the servant, who entered with some papers. The clerk turned and spoke to the man; but when he did with it, he turned to look at the galoshes again, and now he was in greater doubt than ever as to whether the pair on the right or left belonged to him. Those that are wet should be mine, he thought; but he thought wrong, it was just the opposite. Fortune's kaloshi were a wet pair; and besides, why shouldn't the clerk at the police station be wrong

sometimes? And he drew them, put his papers in his pocket, put some manuscripts under his arm, which he had to take with him, and make abstracts from home. Then, as it was on Sunday morning, and the weather very well, he said myself: A walk to Fredericksburg will do me well: So far it has gone. There can be no quieter or more resilient young man than this clerk. We won't regret it this little walk, it was just a thing to make him good by sitting so much. He went on at first, like a simple machine gun, without thought or desire; therefore, the Kalosh did not have the opportunity to show their magical power. On the avenue he met with an acquaintance, one of our young poets, who told him that he intended to start a summer tour the next day. Are you really leaving so soon? The clerk asked. What a free, happy man you are. You can wander about where you will be, while such as we are bound by foot. But it is attached to a bread tree, the poet replied. You should have no worries for tomorrow; and when you are old there is a pension for you. Yes; but you have the best of it, said the clerk; It must be so delightful to sit and write poetry. The whole world makes yourself pleasant for you, and then you are your own master. You should try as you would like to listen to all the trivial things in court. The poet shook his head, as did the clerk; each retained their own opinion, and so they parted. They're strange people, these poets, the clerk thought. I would try what it is to have a poetic taste, and become a poet myself. I'm sure I shouldn't write such mournful poems as they do. It's a gorgeous spring day for the poet, the air is so amazingly clear, the clouds are so beautiful, and the green grass has such a sweet smell. Over the years I haven't felt like I'm doing at this point. We perceive with these observations that he has already become a poet. Most poets, he said, would be considered a common place, or, as the Germans call it, tasteless. It's stupid to look at poets who are different from other men. There are many who are more poets of nature than those who professed poets. The difference is that the poet's intellectual memory is better; he's bragging about an idea or feeling until he can embody it, clearly and clearly in words that others can't do. But the transition from the nature of daily life to a character of a more gifted nature is a great transition; and so the clerk became aware of the change after a while. What a delightful perfume, he said; It reminds me of Aunt Laura's violets. That was when I was a little boy. Dear me, how long it seems since I thought about those days! She was a good old girl! she lived over there behind the stock exchange. She always had a twig or a few flowers in the water, let the winter be so harsh. I could smell violets even when I was placing warm penny pieces against frozen glass to peep holes, and quite the kind of it was on which I looked. In the river lay ships, icy, and Their crews; The screaming crow was the only living creature on board. But when the winds of spring came, it all started with life. Among the screams and cheers the ships were tarred and rigged, and then they sailed to a foreign land. I stay here and will always stay, sitting in my post in the police department and allowing others to take passports to distant countries. Yes, it's my destiny, he sighed deeply. Suddenly he stopped. My God, what came at me? I've never felt like I do now; it should be the air of spring. It's irresistible, and yet it's delightful. He felt himself in his pockets for some of his papers. It will give me something else to think about,' he said. Casting his eyes on the first page of one, he read: Mistress Sigbirth; original tragedy, in five acts. What's it? - in my own handwriting, too! Have I written this tragedy? he read again: Intrigue on the embankment; Or, a quick day. Vaudeville. However I got it all? Someone must have put them in my pocket. Here's the letter! It was from the theatre manager; parts were rejected, not at all in polite terms. Hem, hem! He said, sitting on a bench, and his thoughts were very elastic, and his heart softened strangely. Unwittingly he seized one of the nearest flowers; it was a small, simple daisy. Everything that botanists can say in many lectures was explained at the moment by this little flower. He spoke of the glory of his birth; he told of the power of sunlight, which caused his thin leaves to expand, and gave him such sweet spirits. Fighting lives that evoke sensations in your chest have their type in tiny colors. Air and light are lovers of flowers, but light is a favorite; to the light he turns, and only when the light disappears, he folds his leaves together and sleeps in the arms of the air. It is the light that adorns me, said the flower. But the air gives you the breath of life, the poet whispered. Next to him stood a boy splashing a stick into a marshy ditch. Water droplets spurred among the green branches, and the clerk thought of the millions of animalculae that were thrown into the air with every drop of water, at an altitude that should be the same as it would be for us if we were thrown behind the clouds. When the clerk thought about all these things and realized the great changes in his feelings, he smiled and said to himself, I must be sleeping and sleeping; and yet, if so, how wonderful it is for a dream to be so natural and real, and to know at the same time too, that it is only a dream. I hope I can remember all this when I wake up tomorrow. My feelings seem to be the most inexplicable. I have a clear perception of everything, as if I were widely awake. I'm quite sure that if I remember it all tomorrow, he appear utterly ridiculous and absurd. I've had this happen to me before. It is with the clever or wonderful things that we say or hear in our dreams, as with the gold that comes from the ground, it is rich and beautiful when we possess them, but when we see in the true light it is, but as stones and withered leaves . Oh! He sighed sadly as he watched the birds sing cheerfully, or jumping from branch to branch, they were much better than I was. Flying is a glorious force. Happy is the one who is born with wings. Yes, if I could change myself into anything I would be a bit of a lark. At the same time, his coat-tails and sleeves grew together and formed wings, his clothes changed to feathers, and galoshes - to claws. He felt what was going on, and laughed to himself. Well, now it's obvious that I have to dream; but I've never had such a wild dream like this. And then he flew into the green branches and sang, but there was no poetry in the song, because he was left by poetic nature. Kaloshi, like everyone who wanted to do something thoroughly, could only do one thing at a time. He wanted to be a poet, and he became one of them. Then he wanted to be a little bird, and in this change he lost the characteristics of the former. Well, he thought, it's charming; During the day I sit in the police station, among the driest legal papers, and at night I dream that I am a lark, flying in the gardens of Fredericksburg. A really complete comedy can be written about it. He then flew down into the grass, turned his head in all directions, and tapped his beak on the bend of the blade of grass, which, in proportion to its size, seemed to him as long as the palm leaves in North Africa. At another point everything was dark around him. It seemed that something huge had been thrown at him. The sailor boy threw his big cap over the bird, and the hand came under and caught the clerk behind his back and wings so rough that he creaked, and then cried in dismay: You're a brazen scoundrel, I'm a clerk at the police station!, it sounded only to the boy like a tweet, a tweet. So he knocked the bird on his beak! and went away with it. On the avenue, he met two students who seemed to belong to the best class of society, but whose lower abilities kept them in the lowest class in school. These boys bought a bird for eight pence, so the clerk went back to Copenhagen. It's good for me that I dream, he thought; Otherwise I have to get very angry. First I was a poet, and now I'm a lark. It must have been the poetic nature that turned me into this little creature. It's a really unfortunate story, especially now I'm in the hands of boys. I wonder what will happen at the end of it. The boys carried him to a very elegant room, where a thick, pleasant-looking lady got them, but at all was not happy to discover that they had brought a lark-common field-bird as she called it. However, she allowed them to place the bird in an empty cage for one day, which was hanging near the window. This will please Polly perhaps, she said, laughing at the big gray parrot, who swayed proudly in the ring in a beautiful brass cage. It's Polly's birthday, she added in a simpering tone, and a little field bird came to offer her congratulations. Polly did not answer a word; but a beautiful canary, brought from his own warm, fragrant homeland, last summer, began to sing as loudly as she could. You're screaming! The lady said, throwing a white handkerchief over the cage. Tweet, tweet, he sighed, what a terrible blizzard! and then fell silent. The clerk, or as the lady called it a field bird, was placed in a small cage next to the canary, and not far from the parrot. The only human speech Polly could give, and which she sometimes most comically uttered, was, Now let's be men. All but there was a cry as incomprehensible as the warbling of the canary-birds, except for the clerk, who is now a bird, can understand his comrades very well. I flew under the green palm trees, and among the flowering almond trees, sang a canary. I flew with my brothers and sisters over beautiful flowers, and through a clear, bright sea that reflected the fluttering foliage in its sparkling depths; and I've seen a lot of gay parrots that could relate to long and delightful stories. They were wild birds, the parrot replied, and completely uneducated. Now let's be men. Why aren't you laughing? If the lady and her visitors can laugh at it, of course you can. It's a big absence not to be able to appreciate what's funny. Now let's be men. Remember, said the canary, cute girls who danced in tents scattered under sweet flowers? Remember the delicious fruit and the cooling juice from wild herbs? But I'm much better here. I'm well fed, and I'm treated politely. I know I have a smart head; And what more do I want? Let's be men now. You have a soul for poetry. I have deep knowledge and wit. You have a genius, but you don't have discretion. You lift your naturally high notes so much that you get covered. They never serve me like that. Oh, no; I cost them more than you. I keep them in order with my beak, and throw my mind about me. Now let's be men. Oh, my warm, blooming fatherland, the canary sang, I will sing your dark green trees and your quiet streams, where the curving branches kiss the clean, smooth water. I will sing about the joy of my brothers and sisters as their brilliant plumage among the dark leaves of plants that grow wild springs. Don't leave these gloomy strains, said the parrot; sing something to make us laugh: laughter is a sign of the highest order of intellect. Can a dog or a horse laugh? No, they can cry; but only man has the power of laughter given. Ha! Ha! Ha! Polly laughed, and repeated her witty saying: Now let's be men. You're a little gray Danish bird, said the canary, you've become a prisoner too. It's certainly cold in your woods, but still there's freedom there. Get out! they forgot to close the cage, and the window opened at the top. Fly, fly! instinctively, the clerk obeyed, and came out of the cage; at the same moment, a half-locked door leading to a neighbor's room creaked on hinges, and, furtively, with green fiery eyes, the cat crept inside and chased the lark around the room. The canary-bird fluttered in his cage, and the parrot clapped its wings and exclaimed, Let us be men; The poor clerk, in the most deadly horror, flew through the window, over the houses, and through the streets, until at last he was forced to seek a place of rest. The house opposite it was the sight of a house. The window was open; he flew, and sat on the table. It was his own room. Let us be men now, he said, unwittingly imitating the parrot; and at the same moment he again became a clerk, only that he was sitting on the table. Heavens save us! He said; How did I get up here and fall asleep like this? It was a tough dream too that I had. The whole thing seems the most absurd. The best that the holos did arly the next morning, while the clerk was still in bed, his neighbor, a young dignity student who had settled on the same floor, knocked on his door and then entered. Give me your galoshes,' he said; It's so wet in the garden, but the sun shines brightly. I would go there and smoke a pipe. He put on galoshes, and was soon in the garden, which contained only one plum and one apple tree; However, in the city, even a small garden like this is a great advantage. The student wandered up and down the path; it had been only six o'clock, and he could hear the sound of a post-horn in the street. Oh, travel, travel! He exclaimed; There is no greater happiness in the world: this is the height of my ambitions. It would be a hectic feeling yet if I could take a trip away from this country. I would like to see beautiful Switzerland, to travel to Italy, and it was good for him that the galoshes acted immediately, otherwise it could have been too far for himself and for us. The moment he found himself in Switzerland, closely packed with eight others in hard work. His head ached, his back was stiff, and the blood stopped circulating, so that his feet swollen and pinched his boots. He hesitated in a state between sleep and awakening. He had a credit letter in his right pocket; in his left pocket was his passport; and a few Louis d'ors were sewn into a small leather bag, which he carried in his headless pocket. Whenever he had s healed, he dreamed that he had lost one or another of these possessions; then he woke up with the beginning, and the first movements of his hand formed a triangle from the right pocket to his chest, and from the chest to the left pocket to feel whether they were all safe. Umbrellas, sticks and hats swung into the net in front of him, and almost hampered by a prospect that was really very imposing; and when he glanced at him, his memory remembered the words of one poet, at least, who sang about Switzerland, and whose poems had not yet been printed: - How wonderful for my surprised mombians eyes the fair peaks rise gently: 'Tis sweet to breathe mountain air - If you have gold enough to save. A great, dark and gloomy landscape appeared around him. The pine forests were like small groups of moss on high cliffs, the peaks of which were lost in clouds of fog. It was now snowing, and the wind was blowing sharp and cold. - - - he sighed, if I were just on the other side of the Alps now, it would be summer and I would have to get the money on my ac letter of credit. The anxiety I feel about this prevents me from enjoying myself in Switzerland. Oh, I'd like to be on the other side of the Alps. And there, in a moment, it found itself, far away in the midst of Italy, between Florence and Rome, where Lake Thrasymene sparkled in the evening sunlight like a sheet of molten gold between the dark blue mountains. Where Hannibal defeated Flamini, the vines clung to each other with the friendly grip of their green tendons with their fingers; while, on the side of the road, lovely half-naked children watched a herd of coal-black pigs under the flowers of fragrant laurel. Can we rightly describe this picturesque scene, our readers exclaim: Amazing Italy! But neither the student nor any of his fellow travelers felt the least inclined to think about it in this way. Poisonous flies and mosquitoes flew into the carriage by the thousands. In vain they took them away with a myrtle branch, flies stung them, despite. There was no man on the bus whose face was not swollen or disfigured by bites. The poor horses looked miserable; flies settled on their backs in flocks, and they were released only when the trainers came down and drove away the creatures. When the sun was setting, the icy coldness filled all nature, despite the long duration. It has produced the feeling we feel when we enter the vault at the funeral, on a summer day; while the hills and clouds put on that singular green hue, which we often in old paintings, and look at how unnatural we are until we ourselves have seen the coloration of nature in the south. It was a glorious sight; but the travelers' stomachs were empty, their bodies exhausted by fatigue, and all the toks of their hearts turned to the resting place at night; but where to find one they didn't know. All eyes were too eager to look for this place of rest to notice the beauty of nature. The road passed through a grove of olive trees; it reminded the student of the willow at home. There was a lonely hotel, and beside her several mutilated beggars put themselves; the most flamboyable of them looked, quoting the words of Marryat as the eldest son of the Holodomor, who had just come of age. The rest were either blind or withered, obliging them to crawl on their hands and knees, or they wrinkled their hands and hands without fingers. It was really poverty, built in rags. Eccellenza, miserabili! They exclaimed, stretching out their sore limbs. The hostess took the travelers barefoot, unkempt hair and a dirty blouse. The doors were fastened with a string; The floors of the rooms were brick, broken in many places; Bats flew under the roof; and as for the small inside: Let's have dinner laid in the stables, said one of the travelers; Then we'll know we're breathing. The windows were open to let in a little fresh air, but faster than the air came in the whistled arms and constant nagging sounds, Miserabili, eccellenza. There were inscriptions on the walls, half of them against La Bella Italia. Dinner made his appearance at last. It consisted of water soup, seasoned with pepper and rancid butter. This last delicacy played a major role in the salad. The snous eggs and fried roosters' crests were the best dishes on the table; even the wine had a strange taste, it was certainly a mixture. At night all the boxes were placed to the doors, and one of the travelers watched while the others were asleep. I came to see the student in turn. How close the air felt in this room; feel overpowered him. Mosquitoes buzzed and stinged, while miserabili, outside, groaned in their sleep. Traveling would be all very well, said the student of divinity to ourselves, if we did not have bodies, or if the body can rest while the soul is flying. Wherever I go, I feel like I want to depress my heart, for something better to imagine at the moment; In yes, something the best that should be best: But where can you find it? In fact, I know very well in my heart what I want. I want to achieve the greatest happiness of all. No sooner had a word like he was at home. Long white curtains shaded the windows of his room, and in the middle of the floor stood a black coffin in which he now in another dream of death; his wish was fulfilled, his body was at rest, and his spirit of travel. No man is happy until he is in the grave, were the words of Solon. There was strong new proof of their truth. Every corpse is the sphinx of immortality. The sphinx in this sarcophagus can reveal its own secret in the words that the living themselves had written two days earlier: Stern of death, your chilling silence of waking fear; However, in your darkest hour there may be light. Garden Reaper of the Earth! with the cold bed of the tomb of soul on the stairs Jacob takes her flight. Man's greatest sorrows are often part of the hidden grief hidden from human eyes that presses much harder on a lonely heart than now the earth that lies on his coffin. Two figures moved around the room; we know them both. One was a fairy named Care, the other a messenger of Fortune. They leaned over the dead. Look!, Said Care; What happiness did your galoshes bring to humanity? They have at least brought lasting happiness to those who are dozing here, she said. Not so, said Care, he left himself, he was not called. His mental abilities were not strong enough to discern the treasures he was destined to discover. I'll do him a favor now. And she pulled the galoshes off his feet. The dream of death was over, and the recoverer rose. The care disappeared, and with it galoshes; no doubt she looked at them as her own property. He died in 1513. He married Christine, the daughter of the selective Prince of Saxony Ernest. Evening newspaper in Copenhagen. In the time of King Hans, maids were required to wear two-color hats. Color. the fairytaler the galoshes of fortune. the galoshes of fortune story. the galoshes of fortune summary. the galoshes of fortune pdf

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